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New Wharf at Narragansett.

Town and City Dealers.

The letter box in front of Building on Thomas street is attend to its duties owing to back.

Miss Edith H. Millne, of Fall the guest of Miss Mary Stew

Mr. Eugene Schreier appeared in support of the petition of the Cession Jesbunt Israel, asking the council to request the General Assembly to make certain changes in providing for the use of the

from a visit to friends in New
wick.

Mrs. Harriet Bartlett of Yonkers,
Y., is at Mme. Robinson's.

Miss Mary Dame of Brooklyn,
formerly of this city, is at Miss Ro

The ornithological class under the direction of Professor E. D. Scott meets on Thursdays and proves as interesting and profitable as does the French class which meets on Thursdays.

Mr. Philip King is visiting L. Rives at "Swanhurst."

Miss Marianna Congdon of
is the guest of her aunt, M.
Stevens, on Broadway.

Wickford
rn. J. G.
Bristol, R.
city.

Col. J. J. Astor and wife
yesterday on their yacht.

RAY'S RECRUIT.

By Captain CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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(CONTINUED.)

A remarkable winter, from a cavalry point of view, was that the first which the old regiment spent at Ransom, but, like many other things temporal and most things military, it came to an end, and people looking back upon it afterward declared they were rather sorry, after all, for there was so much to make it vividly interesting at the time and to form topics for talk in the weeks to come.

Sensations flattered out lamentably for nearly a fortnight after the quelling of Mainwaring's somewhat indelicate against "the swell of the sorrel troop," as Blake described Hunter, and when they reopened, about the height of the holiday season, other names and households than those herein mentioned were mainly conspicuous, although Blake managed to mix in more than one of them. Between him and Mainwaring was patched a trace, based primarily on the latter's admission that he had probably made a mess of the whole business, but really couldn't be held responsible in the face of such testimony as was offered by prominent officers of the 34th, Messrs. Brady and Watson. Then Blake apologized for comparing the head of the junior major to the wreck of the magazine, and peace with honor, though not without difficulty, was established so far as the men were concerned. It was, in fact, less difficult than in the case of the women, for Miss Leroy had, it seems, a very pretty will of her own that Mrs. Mainwaring could neither bend nor break. Mrs. Mainwaring was of an old and distinguished family, and so was Miss Leroy, and the woman Miss Leroy was, seriously affected was Mrs. Blake, nee Bryan, daughter of a rather dissolute old ranchman once well known about Russell. It struck Mrs. Mainwaring that her niece should have, as she said to her and whispered to others, so little pride. The story spread in the regiment through what was whispered, not through what was said, and Miss Leroy, already popular, became a hot favorite for with.

She had come to spend the winter, but as soon as the holidays were over and her previous post children had their Christmas tree and other Christmas joys—even before the new year was fairly ushered in—she returned from the morning reading one day and found Mrs. Mainwaring impatiently awaiting her. There were invitations for dinners, etc., extending a week; over ten days, ahead, and Mrs. Mainwaring wished to know which it was her niece's pleasure to accept and was against the reply—any that might be acceptable to suit up to Jan. 6, none for her after that date, as she would then have to return to New York.

Remonstrances proved utterly useless. The second week in January saw Miss Leroy, accompanied to the station by most of the ladies and a few of their lords, safely aboard the east bound train, with old 788 and Jimmy Long in the lead. There were dozens of the children there to bid her goodbye. There were even a number of enlisted men, with whom she warmly shook hands before she took her seat in the roomy Pullman. Captain and Mrs. Blake, her devoted friends, went with her as far as Omaha, where she was to join another party. Mrs. Mainwaring fairly disintegrated in tears as they kissed each other goodbye, for, after all, Kate was the daughter of a long loved, long lost brother, if he was headstrong and independent, and never yet had woman left the dingy precincts of old Ransom so generally and thoroughly esteemed.

But every one wondered for all that—even the many who would not give their thought expression—whether an understanding did not exist, whether she was not going with the expectation of meeting somewhere the remarkable recruit by the name of Hunter, for Hunter had left on a month's furlough just ten days before.

Mrs. Mainwaring declared that Kate's sole reason for going was that she was too conscientious. She found her health restored, no one remembered having heard of it as impaired, and she felt she must return to her kindred in the east and resume her interrupted duties there. But Mrs. Stannard and other wise women well knew that the main reason for her going was that life with Uncle and Aunt Mainwaring was not as peaceful or congenial, despite their pride in and affection for her, as it should have been.

And then there was still another and more vital reason. "Everybody" was talking about her interest in Trooper Hunter and his undoubted admiration for her. But Hunter had had to go back to duty with his troop, had met Miss Leroy only on the long, afternoon and evening when he, with two or three other blue jackets, worked at the festooning and decorating under her active supervision of the post assembly hall. Then he had had an interview with Ray, his captain, that brought matters to a climax. He applied for and received his furlough in the midst of the holidays, left his kit with the first sergeant, his uniform with Murray, the carpenter, and Butte in a snowstorm, the Pullman smoker, and familiar looking tweeds, traveling cap, and ulster, at which Jim Long stared in astonished recognition when he was alighted from his cab at the Junction a well civilian stepped up and smilingly tendered him a cigar.

Whatever clouds had lowered over the house of Hunter were wafted away the night of that decisive conference of the powers, when Stannard and Truscott demolished the theories of Mainwaring and the aspirations of Brady and company. Even Conway had limped out of his buggy a few days later to say he, too, had been fooled. (He was delighted to be fooled still more when a jail delivery turned loose his seven star performers on Christmas eve.) Corporal Croxford and Trooper Elzey still maintained their conviction of Hunter's guilt until Mrs. Merryweather weakened over her husband's death and confirmed his whole confession. The kid was enjoying a temporary release into visit and was wearing a halo until day day. Mrs. Merryweather, bailed out

by Freeman, was living in temporary retirement in Butte, yet already beginning to "take notice," and all Mainwaring was wondering what Trooper Hunter had gone on 30 days' furlough for and betting two to one that he never would come back, when he suddenly came.

He had been gone but 20 of the 30 days. He reported in person in the midst of fatigue uniforms to Captain Ray just before stable call one sharp, clear January afternoon, and in a brief conversation asked of his captain that he would send to Miss Leroy a little package he had brought with him from the east and was manifestly disappointed when told that she had gone.

Then they probably had not met at all, and Mainwaring was off the scent again. Just what might have been the result of this disappointment had matters remained in the usual midwinter phase of monotony cannot be stated. What did happen was a sudden call from the department commander, a sudden demand for a strong escort to accompany him to the hills, despite the biting weather, for sacred Indian lands were being invaded, and only his presence could prevail upon the Sioux to trust the matter of righting the wrong to him and Uncle Sam. Him they trusted readily enough, but shook his air shaggy heads at mention of the Great Father. "Let the Gray Fox leave enough soldiers here to drive away the wild he miners and prospectors, and they would keep the peace." And so it was ordered. March and April saw the swell troop deeply interested now, despite longings for news from civilization, in daily contact with and study of these warlike people, learning their uncouth language, buying their furs and beadwork, winning their good will by unexpected gifts and straightforward dealing. May came and trouble. Congress was too busy with other matters to heed the request of the president that the recommendations of the general commanding the department of the frontier be immediately carried out. The "bored cattle and other supplies failed to arrive. The Indians said, "Sold again," and scolded an attaché of the nearest agency as a hint of what might happen to the agent himself if he didn't expedite those supplies. Mid-May failed to bring the goods, but it brought the grass, and that was enough. Storm signals had been set for a fortnight, yet the torrid burst with sudden and shocking force. Five hundred warriors swooped suddenly into the lower valley of the Ske, Out went every available man from Ransom, Rossett and Winthrop, and there was war to the knife ere the Gray Fox could interpose.

A "dandy" battalion was that with which Mainwaring danced away that sweet May morning, men and horses the pictures of health and high condition and eager for the field and the fray. Stannard, with his four troops, had marched eastward for the lower valley, but Mainwaring was to hasten to the hills, gather up the little force still in stockade at the nearest agency, then sweep on down to join the others. The telegraph line was repaired to Crested Butte, where the mutiny began, and there came this startling message just in time to meet them:

"Sioux agency reports that Lord Luemouthe and party of friends, 12 in all, including guides, passed up the Ske en route to the northern hills two days before the outbreak. Use all means in your power to find and protect him. Acknowledge receipt and report action." It was forwarded to Mainwaring by Atberton, who said he was coming post-haste to take command in person in that part of the field; meantime to lose not a moment, but to do his best. As usual, the call went out for Ray.

Two days later, away up among the pine crested heights, lost on the trail of a big war party of Indians, the sorrel troop was pushing. Mainwaring, with the three remaining companies, was

trooping down into the valley of the North Fork to intercept and beat back further parties should they be tempted to follow their friends in the search for the unsuspecting tourists. Atberton, with the Winthrop battalion at his heels, was coming across country to the support of Mainwaring, while old Stannard, on familiar ground, was rounding up stragglers down the Ske, herding them back to the agency and eagerly watching for the coming of the troops from Rossett and the big posts away to the north. Then the Indians would be hemmed in.

But meantime what damage might they not do? There were no railways then save the few trunk lines, no means, except by marching, to reach the fabled Indian lands, and Lo was in his glory. Warned of their peril, settlers, herders and stockmen had taken to flight and abandoned the lower valley, so the Indian was riding, proud monarch of all he surveyed, over the broad waste of the lowlands, burning, pillaging and raising, as the newspaper men first on the scene expressed it, "no scalp, but much hell." If only good news could be heard of those tourists, all might yet be well.

But what mad brained trick could have prompted so hazardous a picnic? The agent at Bruce Springs swore he had done his best to dissuade them, but there were three Englishmen who had never seen elk and were possessed with longing to stalk and shoot them. They were lavish with their money. Their interpreters talked directly to some of the old chiefs, Thunder Eagle and Roll-

ing near captivity, and the precious made these warriors caused the Sioux to clamor for more, but won a lordly permit from the crafty leaders to go shoot what they would—the Sioux wouldn't care—and so led these squally into the trap. Ray had found the debris of one of their camps toward noon of the second day of his daring march and four hours later he was sped along their northward winding trail he came suddenly upon a deep cleft among the hills, away down in whose depths trickled an ice cold rivulet where the tourists had drunk their fill, then gone on up the opposite heights, and after them, swift pursuing, a formidable war party that had evidently come up this tributary to the Ske hoping here to find and intercept their prey.

Men and horses of Ray's troop both were wary. They drank eagerly, and some eyes, already haggard, looked appealingly at the set face of their captain. Forty-eight hours had they come with but scant halt for rest, and there was hardly a man in the party that could not have slept instantly had he lain down on that soft, inviting turf—all, perhaps, but the indomitable leader and the tall trooper originally of the center set of four, yet so often on this second day riding side by side with, instead of following six yards behind, his commander, the place where the orderly is supposed to be. Scott, the young lieutenant, who should perhaps have taken exception to such a criticism, seemed to understand and object not at all. "Hunter was up through here last month with surveyor's escort," was the explanation, and though some men might have growled the information that "other fellows were along, too," no one seemed to object, for the reason that it was thoroughly known that Hunter made topographical notes from day to day and had them with him now, and it was these to which Ray so frequently referred as they hastened on.

Plainly enough had the captain seen the symptoms of growing exhaustion on both his men and mounts—the dark lines under the deep set eyes, the utter silence that prevailed along the dusty little company, the painful stumbling of the horses and the constant effort needed to keep closed on the head of column. But he knew his men, and they knew him. It was not the first by many times they had been called upon to ride with life or death at stake. Somewhere, not three hours ahead probably, was a murderous band of Sioux seeking to redress undoubted injuries by the only method the Indian knows—the blood of the pale faced brothers of those that had wrought the wrong.

That these tourists had brought the consent of their chief to hunt, camp and explore through the Indian lands, that they were innocent of wrongdoing, that they despised the robbers of the red man as much as the Indian hated him, had no bearing on the case. These were white men, rashly intruding far within the hostile lands at a time when the Great Spirit, through their medicine men, had sounded the call to battle, and high or low, rich or poor, English or American, man, woman or child, it made no difference. That fatal party represented just so many coveted scalps, no more and no less, and if Indian strategy could compass their capture alive or their destruction without the spilling of a drop of Indian blood all the more would their warrior band receive the exclamations of a tribe that worshipped prowess like unto that of the prairie wolf or fleet footed fox. Ninety strong, led by a daring young chief whose father and mother both had died when the soldiers of the long hair dashed upon their village some years before, they had out losses from all hands around the Ske and hastened in search of the white invaders guaranteed by old Roll-ing Deer safe conduct not a week before.

And unerringly their instinct led them to the lovely park country on the north side of the hills, for there was no game in profusion. Thither must the lordly whites have gone, rich in horses, arms, stores and provisions of every kind, and for months the Sioux were starving.

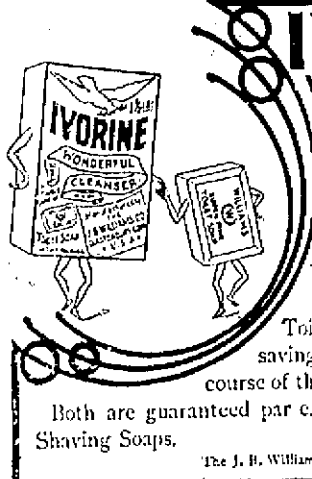
It was the sight of the fresh hoof prints of fourscore ponies that settled all question of rest at the rivulet in the mind of Captain Ray. "Men," said he, "I hate to wear you out, but before another sunrise we must circumvent these fellows, or it's all up with the tourists." There were Irish troopers in the lead—log four who loved to talk of the Clan-na-Gael and home rule for Erin and death to "England's cruel red" when time hung heavy on their hands in camp or barracks, but that seemed all forgotten now. Like the famous Mavericks, they only talked of mutiny when no other fighting was to be done. Only the horses seemed to groan at the command to mount, and once more on went the sorrels an' accours.

An hour after midnight, in the bright light of the climbing moon, they had splashed through another shallow, foaming stream in another and narrower rift among the hills, two veteran sergeants, with Ray and Hunter, well out in front, when just as the foremost, a shadowy form, rode warily to a little point of bluff 300 yards ahead Ray's gauntleted hand swung high his scouting hat in air, as half turning in saddle he signaled "Halt!" for the leader rider was gesticulating wildly, and Sergeant Conners came galloping back.

"Tread 'em, by God, sir!" he cried, in excitement irrepressible. "They've stopped for a scalp dance. You can hear 'em plain." "Yes, faint, but distinct, testing quicker every minute, the weird throb of the war drum could be heard, and with it the shrill whoop and yell of excited dancers.

"They're right, Hunter," promptly spoke the captain. "That can mean only one thing. They've located the party over in Keogh's park, just where you said they'd pitch their camp, and these beggars mean to jump them, at dawn. We'll show 'em a trick worth ten of that, won't we, Dixie?" he continued, patting the neck of the game little sorrel he rode. "What blessed luck that they should stop to celebrate!"

Slowly, cautiously, the shadowy troop led forward to a grove of pines not far from the water's edge and close to the sheltering bluff beyond which the warriors were having their jollification. There they waited, breathless, the sound of revelry gaining every minute on the night. Taking Conners and Hunter with him, Ray crept forward to reconnoiter—he and his sergeant veterans in the



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crust, Hunter a novice, whose heart beat wildly, but who never faltered. Past and furious drove the dance. Loud and shrill across the whips and whistles, dying away at times like the yelp of prairie wolves to faint and distant purring, then swelling again like the chorus of hounds in full view of the quarry. Drum, rattle and piercing whistle added to the clamor, echoed back from the dark, pine crested cliffs that overhung this wild nook in the hills. Fresh fogs heaped upon the fire, threw the dusky, writhing forms, resplendent in war banner and savage finery, into bold relief, and Ray's heart almost sank within him as he counted. Ponies they could not see, for they were herded further up the cove beyond the fire, but every indication pointed to there being well nigh 100 well armed warriors right there within revolver shot, while others doubtless hovered like watchful apes about the unsuspecting camp beyond the range.

"We could never get past them without discovery," muttered the captain finally. "We're far too few to drive them. How far is it back down the valley and around to the park?"

"Not less than 40 miles, sir," answered Hunter, "though it can't be more than six or seven over the old game trail across the range."

"Then," said Ray, "there's nothing for it but to send a brace of men up the heights to foot to warn the camp before daybreak, while the troop hangs on to their heels."

It was barely 9 o'clock now, and high aloft on the northern side of the gorge, glistening white, the cliffs broke through the summer fringe of pine and spruce like silver in the moonlight.

Somewhere ahead of the watchers in the black depths of the westward end of the deep ravine an old game trail wound and twisted up the mountain side over into the beautiful park beyond. Hunter well remembered and had traced it in his notes. Over this trail Lord Luemouthe's joyous party had evidently gone. Over this the Indian scouts had tracked him. Over this the war party doubtless meant to follow in time to make their dash at daybreak. Over this, week or nothing, warning must be sent, and the intermediate ground was so completely occupied by the Indians that cavalry could not hope to slip by undetected. It could only be attempted by daring follows aloft.

And the first man to speak out when in low words Ray explained the situation to the troop was that incorrigible rascal, the Kid. "I'm game to go, sir."

"Good for you," said Ray.

"Here's another, sir." "And here," "And here," came in low tones from half a dozen in the warlike troop, but Ray waited for still another voice, until, half turning, he looked as though inquiringly at Hunter, who had already kicked off his boots and was pulling on a pair of moccasins, drawn from his saddlebags. Then Hunter looked up and spoke.

"I, of course, sir. I'm the only man that knows the way." Whereat Ray's white teeth gleamed in the moonlight and the men knew all was well.

Three hours later a strangely assorted pair, a tall, slender, blond bearded man, with clear cut, handsome features, and an undersized, weazen faced, droll may care Irish lad, dressed alike in dark blue shirts and breeches in light blue breeches and Indian tanned leggings, girl with cartridge belt and revolver, and carrying the brown carbine in hand, halted for breath at the very summit of the divide between Keogh's park and the deep gorge in the south-eastward hills. Perilous, indeed, had been their journey. Leaving their comrades well below the position of the Indian camp, they had slowly scaled the cliffs to the north, then crept along among the pines until immediately above the rejoicing Indians, and then, slowly and cautiously through the scattered timber, followed westward by the stars until at last in a depression they came upon the trail, easily recognizable in the occasional patches of moonlight. Then, eager and cautious, they followed up, up the winding way, over alert for sound of hoof beat, until at last they reached the crest and Hunter's watch proclaimed it midnight.

From a rocky point they could see overland beneath them to the northward a beautiful park country, faintly pictured in the silvery light, and laying a hand on his companion's sleeve Hunter pointed afar down to their left front.

"The springs lie just south of that high bluff," he murmured, "and there we'll find their camp, if only we can dodge the Indian watchers on the way."

Aye, there was the rub, and there was no time to lose. Ever watchful, as before, they began the gradual descent, peering from tree to tree, sitting like shadows from rock to rock, until at last they reached the lower limit of the timber line, and there before them lay an almost open valley, two miles wide, destitute of "cover" except along the stream that nearly equally divided it, and up that stream, perhaps two miles, some white objects gleamed in the moonlight near a clump of trees, and there at Keogh's Springs, just as Hunter had predicted, lay the threatened camp.

But how were they to reach it unobserved, for here and everywhere the Kid could point out fresh pony tracks, and even as they paused at the belt of pines away out on the slopes beyond, hidden from camp by intervening firs in the ground, dark forms of horsemen, three or four, were plainly visible, and the Kid could tell from old experience

that nothing living would "escape those watchers' eyes." But up the slope the trees were thicker, and again, though wearily, they sought their shelter and slowly crawled from clump to clump until toward 3 o'clock they were nearly opposite the sleeping camp, lying out there in a lovely glade, barely long rifle shot away.

Twice, thrice they had seen an Indian on nimble pony, moving cautiously about, well out of sight of camp. Time and again the coyotes yelped and loud mouthed challenges were laid by suspicious watchdogs near the tents, but still the Saxons slept, all innocent of danger, and time was getting fearfully short.

"What's to hinder our crawling out as far as we can go, than if we're seen about the sucker that tries to stop us and run for it?" muttered the Irishman. "It's the only chance I see."

The moon was well over to the west, but still so high her light betrayed every moving object in the open ground, but, as the Kid explained, there seemed to be no other way. Down went the two flat upon their stomachs, and the slow, tortuous process began. Before they had made 100 yards Colton patience gave out. "D—d if I can stand this," said the Irishman. "There's not an Indian in sight now. Come on. Let's run for it."

Suiting action to the word, the little slimmer was on his feet and in another minute skimming away like a racer to the goal.

And then as Hunter started to follow he saw a sight that made him thrill with dread. As though they sprang from the bowels of the earth, two Indians on swift ponies darted into view, and, bending low over their chargers' necks, lashing them to mad gallop, they fairly slid across the resounding, turf clad prairie, swift and straight toward the sleeping form.

"Look out, Kid! Look out!" rang Hunter's voice in a yell that woke the valley. Bang went the Paddy's ready carbine in reply. Dogs, coyotes, caribou, rifles, Indian yells and Saxons blasphemy burst upon the silence of the night. An Indian pony plunged and tossed his rider sprawling within a dozen yards of where the Kid had turned at bay, and Hunter, rushing to the rescue, had just time to kneel when two or three revolvers seemed to crack at once, and the air was rent with fire flashes. But the soldier's aim was true, and one tall warrior toppled heavily forward and hit the dust as Hunter sped on to his comrade's aid. He found him clasp his hands about his knees and rolling in agony on the turf.

"For the love of God, don't stop!" cried he. "They've smashed my leg, and I'm done for. There's a dozen to one of us." Dozen or not, they were in for it now. Hunter knelt, and though his heart beat hard, sent shot after shot at every fitting form he saw until, amazed at the vigorous defense, the Indians seemed to haul away. Then up he lifted the protesting Kid and logged him full another 100 yards before again he had to drop him and fight. Then once more, half lifting, half dragging, he rushed him on, cheered by the evidence that the Indians dared not come too close and that camp was aroused and blazing away. Luckily the guides had quickly realized what was up. Luckily they reasoned that there could be but few Indians in the immediate neighborhood, for out they came—three or four—to the succor of the burdened man and reached him only as, exhausted by his efforts and by loss of blood from a wound badly noticed when received, he sank, fainting, to the ground, the Kid still pluckily swearing in his ears.

And so, an hour later, when the Indians swooped in force upon the camp, they found it thoroughly prepared, surrounded by hastily constructed rifle pits or breastworks, around which, 500 yards away, they dashed and yelled and kept up their wild fusillade, but both times they strove to charge three or four saddles were emptied by the cool aim of the defense, and then, to cap the climax of their discomfiture, out from the foothills burst their old acquaintance, the sorrel troop, "Laughing Light-nings," as once the Cheyennes had named Ray, cheering in the lead. And the warriors broke for cover and kept in cover at respectful distance until Mainwaring himself, a whole day later, with his three comrade troops, came trotting up the valley, and then they disappeared entirely.

But meantime there had been a meeting and recognition little looked for. For happier Englishmen were never seen than Luemouthe and the trio with him, for no other reason than that for a time their lives had been in mortal peril and they had enjoyed the unlooked for luxury of a square fight. That exaltation over, they had had time to thank the American "Tommyes" to whose daring they owed it that they were not massacred in their beds. Both troops were wounded, the little fellow profane-ly voluble, the tall one strangely silent. Over this latter lent the fougner of the first two Englishmen.

"You are not much hurt, I hope, my good fellow? You're—Good God! You—Gray? I saw I heard you were dead!"

A faint smile flitted about the bearded face, and the prostrate soldier winced as he answered, "And you, Rokeby, I heard you were married."

Even when Mainwaring came it was useless to resume trooper relations, for he found Hunter installed in the best cot the tourists owned, the Kid, too, in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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